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seem resolved to maintain their ground at all hazards. The shooters always take care to avoid these retreats. When the object of pursuit is one of the older bulls of the flock, the shooting of it is a very hazardous employment. Some of these have been known to receive as many as eleven bullets, without one of them piercing their skulls. When fretted in this manner, they often become furious, and owing to their great swiftness and prodigious strength, they are then regarded as objects of no ordinary dread.

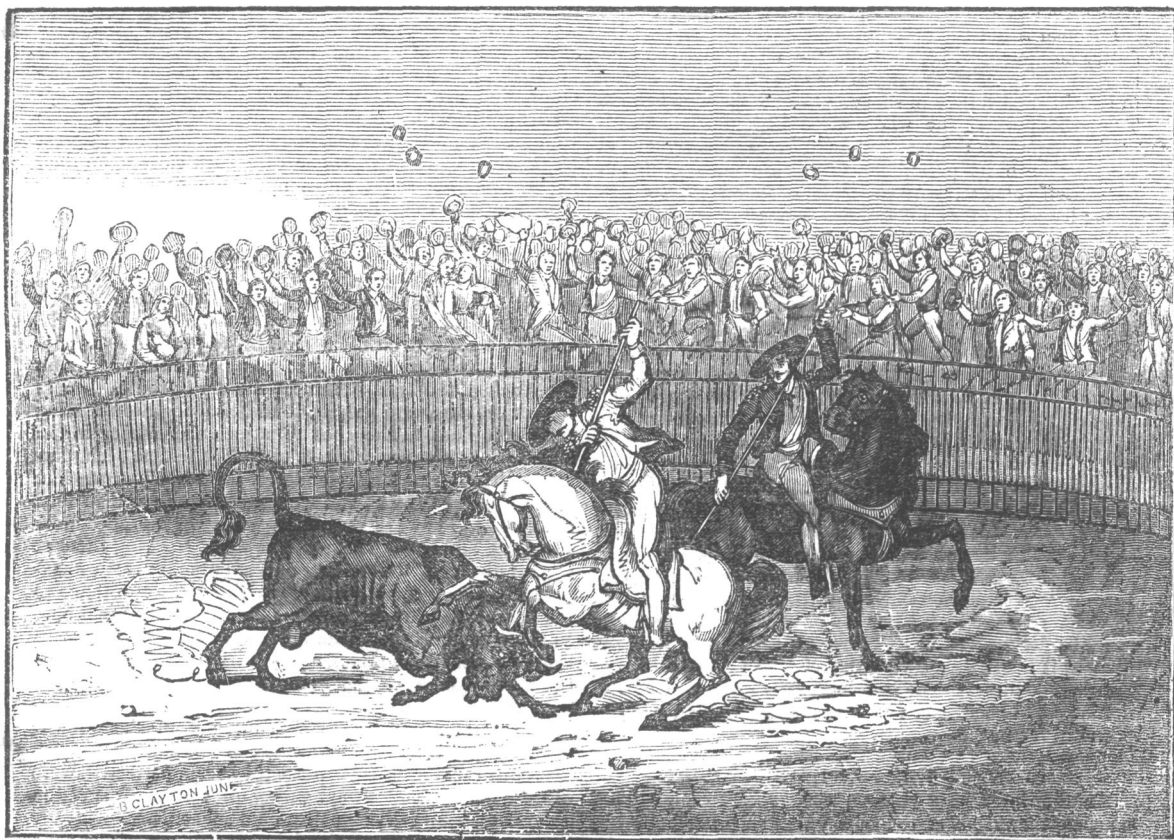
"The ancient history of this breed is involved in much mystery. From fossil remains, chiefly found in marl-pits, it appears that two species of the ox tribe formerly prevailed in Scotland, namely, the *bos taurus* and the *bos urus*. Some heads of these, of very large dimensions, are still preserved in the collections of the curious. Professor Fleming of Aberdeen informs us that he has a skull of the former in his possession, measuring $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, 9 inches between the horns, and $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches across at the orbits. The accounts of ancient authors certainly allude to a species of wild cattle very different in their characters and dimensions from those of the present day.The universal tradition in Clydesdale is, that they have been at Cadzow from the remotest antiquity; and the probability is, that they are a part remaining of the establishment of our ancient British and Scottish kings. At present they are objects of great curiosity, both to the inhabitants, and to strangers visiting the place. During the troubles consequent on the death of Charles I., and the usurpation of Cromwell, they were nearly exterminated; but a breed of them having been retained for the Hamilton family by Hamilton Dalzell, and by Lord Elphinstone at Cumbernauld, they were subsequently restored in their original purity." * * *

"In Chillingham Park they roam at large, and there are between 1500 and 1800 acres enclosed, combining, besides good pasture, a range of wild and rocky moor, interspersed with abundant wood and cover for their shelter, and approaching, as near as any enclosure can do, to the wild na-

ture of their original habitation.... They go in herds, and on the approach of a stranger, after standing to gaze, like many other wild animals, wheel round him in a circle, which, if he is so imprudent as to remain, will be gradually narrowed till an attack is made. During the breeding season it is more dangerous to approach, as the calls of the young will always incite the parent or herd to attack the aggressor. When pursued or baited, they become very fierce, as they also do if but slightly wounded by a ball. Lord Ossulton had a narrow escape from a bull which had been wounded and separated from the herd. It attacked him on horseback, and at the first onset overthrew and gored the horse to death. One of the keepers was also tossed and severely maimed by a wounded bull. * *

"The mode of killing these cattle, Mr. Bewick remarks, 'was perhaps the only modern remains of the grandeur of ancient hunting. On notice being given that a wild bull would be killed on a certain day, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood came mounted, and armed with guns, &c. and sometimes to the amount of an hundred horse, and four or five hundred foot, who stood upon walls, or got into trees, while the horsemen rode off the bull from the rest of the herd, until he stood at bay, when a marksman dismounted, and shot. At some of these huntings twenty or thirty shots have been fired before he was subdued. On such occasions the bleeding victim grew desperately furious, from the smarting of his wounds, and the shouts of savage joy that were echoing from every side.'"

In speaking of the domestic breeds, there is a description of a bull-fight in Spain, taken from the "Encyclopædia Edinensis." The following we copy from a very interesting work, which we should long since have noticed, "A Year in Spain, by a Young American," whom we are glad to see once more before the public in a description of English life and manners. On the whole, we consider the little volume before us to be fully as interesting as any of its predecessors, if not more so. The work, when completed, will form a valuable portion of a juvenile library.



SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

"The bull-fight is the great national amusement of Spain—an amusement which, though cruel and brutalizing, is nevertheless unequalled in deep and anxious interest. It has furnished matter of much learned discussion, whe-

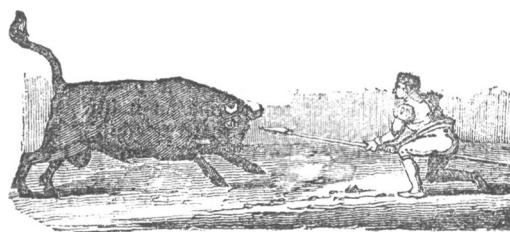
ther the Spaniards derive their bull-fights from the Romans or the Moors. It is, however, pretty well established that the *Taurilia* of the Romans were similar to those of modern times. It is equally certain that the bull-fight held an important rank in the chivalrous sports of the Arabian Spaniards. They, doubtless, introduced the mode of fighting the bull on horseback and with the lance; for they were a nation of cavaliers, who did every thing in the saddle, and even conquered Spain at a gallop.

"During the last century the *Fiestas Reales* were still given in Spain on all great occasions, such as the birth, marriage, or coronation of a prince. In Madrid these feasts always took place in the Plaza Mayor, an extensive quadrangle, four hundred and fifty by three hundred and fifty feet, which stands in the centre of the city. The Plaza Mayor is surrounded by uniform ranges of houses five and six stories high, with wide balconies, and an arcade below which runs round the whole interior. At each of the corners, and midway between them, are arched portals which communicate with the streets without, whilst within the arcade furnishes a covered walk round the area, which serves as a market-place. The buildings around the Plaza Mayor consist of the royal bakery, and of one hundred and thirty-six dwelling-houses, which contain a population of three thousand persons. When the royal feasts took place, the front apartments of these houses were let out by their occupants, and were thronged with people to their very roofs. Below, wooden benches were erected for the population, and the royal halberdiers, with their steel-headed battle-axes, formed a barrier to protect them from the fury of the bull. The royal family drove into the Plaza in splendid carriages of state, and being attended by the first cavaliers and most distinguished beauties of the court, took their station in the gilded balconies of the Panaderia; whilst all the surrounding houses were hung with curtains of variegated silk, intermingled with fans and handkerchiefs set in motion by the hand of beauty.

"When all was ready, the cavaliers selected for the combat made their appearance in gala-coaches, attended by their sponsors, who were usually the first *grandees* of Spain; for, in the days of chivalry, to fight the bull was the peculiar privilege of gentle blood. They were followed by companies of horsemen dressed in the Moorish garb, who led the horses of their masters. These having mounted and received their lances, went beneath the royal balcony to salute the king, and each took care to catch the approving or cautionary glance of his mistress. The arena being cleared by the *alguazils*, the king waved his handkerchief; warlike music repeated the signal, and a bull was let in. The cavaliers approached him one by one with lances in rest, and their ardour was shared by their proud-spirited horses. Sometimes the bull would receive the spear deep into his neck, at others he would shiver it to pieces, and overturn every thing in his course.

"There were on these occasions several modes of combat. Dogs were occasionally introduced to meet the bull; and though often tossed and mangled, it was more frequent for them to succeed in seizing his nose, and holding him motionless to the ground. Another manner was much more harmless. The skins of different animals, blown into whimsical figures, were placed in the arena; and it was often found that the bull had less dread of an armed antagonist than of these immovable objects, which awaited his attack without any sign of fear. There was, however, one mode more cruel and dangerous than all. A man dressed in fantastic colours, to attract attention, placed himself in front of the portal by which the bull was to enter. He held in both hands an iron spear, one end of which was fixed in the ground, whilst the point inclined upwards in the direction of the portal. The combatant crouched closely behind this spear, which served the double purpose of weapon and defence. Thus prepared, he awaited the career of the bull, who, on the opening of the portal, made at once towards the only object which stood in the way of his fury. If the career of the bull were direct, the spear entered deep into his forehead, and he remained nailed to the earth. If, on the contrary, the hold of the combatant became unsteady through fear, or the bull glanced to either side, he would pass the point of

the weapon with a grazed face or the loss of an eye, and dart with fury upon his unprotected victim, toss him high into the air, and moisten the arena with his blood.



Bull-fight on Foot.

"At Madrid the bull-fight now takes place in an edifice called the Plaza de Toros, which stands upon an eminence without the gate of Alcala. The Plaza is of a circular form, and not elliptical like the Roman amphitheatres. The extreme diameter of the outer walls is three hundred and thirty feet, of the arena two hundred and twenty. It is capable of containing eleven thousand spectators. The exterior wall is of brick, but the barriers, benches, and pillars which sustain the two covered galleries and the roof, are all of wood. The upper gallery is divided into commodious boxes, of which the one which looks to the north, and which is never shone on by the sun, is decorated with royal arms, and set apart for the king. Beneath the first gallery is another similar to it, except that it is not divided into boxes, but is left open the whole way round. Beneath this last gallery there is a succession of uncovered benches, sloping down towards the lobby which encloses the arena. These benches make the complete circuit of the edifice, and give a good idea of a Roman amphitheatre. * * *

"The hour appointed for the commencement of the feast having arrived, the *corregidor* takes his seat in the royal box, supported by his officers. A priest also remains in waiting with *su Magestad*—the host—ready to administer the sacrament to the dying *toreros*. The trumpets now sound, the gate under the royal box is thrown open, and two *alguazils* enter the lists, mounted on proud Andalusian steeds, whose heads are half hidden under manes parted in the middle, with eyes glaring fiercely through their forelocks, and tails which sweep the arena. These noble animals are richly caparisoned, with powerful bits, peaked saddles, and broad stirrups, after the manner of the East. The *alguazils* have their black wands of office, and are dressed in cloak, buskin, slash sleeves, ruffs, and plumed hat—the ancient Spanish costume. Having rode round the lists, to clear them of those who have been sweeping and sprinkling the ground, and of the *canalla* who have been wrestling and rolling in the dust, they meet each other in the centre, and then ride to the box of the *corregidor*, before which they make an obeisance, to signify that every thing is ready for the opening of the feast. Upon this the *corregidor* throws down the key of the toril, waves his handkerchief, and the music stationed at the opposite side of the amphitheatre sounds a march. The folding gates are thrown open at the left, and the *chulos* enter, escorting the two *picadores*.

"The *chulos* or cheats are dressed as *majos*—some in black, some in green, and some in crimson. They are all well-made men, and are seen to peculiar advantage in their tight dress, ornamented with bunches of ribands at the knees, the shoes, and in the hair. Besides a worked cambric handkerchief floating from either pocket, each *chulo* wears a silk cloak of green, red, or yellow. This serves to irritate the bull, and to divert his attention.

"The *picadores* wear Moorish jackets embroidered with gold; large flat hats of white, ornamented with roses or gay ribands, and which are confined by a string passing round the chin; and buckskin pantaloons lined with plates of armour to protect the leg. Their lance is long and heavy, with a small three-cornered point of steel at the end. This point is wound round with yarn, to prevent it from penetrating far. The lance of the *picador* serves to turn the bull off, but does him little injury; in-

deed it may rather be looked on as a defensive than as an offensive weapon. Thus, in the contest between the bull and the picador, the danger is altogether on the side of the horse and his rider. The picadores enter the lists on jaded beasts, which are evidently within a few months of their natural death. They are bought for a few dollars, part of which the proprietor gets back by the sale of the skin.

"To give a general idea of the mode of attacking the bull, it may be sufficient to describe an individual fight, by far the most bloody of many that I saw in Spain.

"This bull had taken the place of a companion who had preceded him to slaughter, in the narrow entry which leads from the toril to the arena. The chulos having taken their stand with the two picadores drawn up behind them, the signal was given, and the trumpets sounded a martial flourish. The gates were at once thrown open to admit a passage into the lists, and the bull rushed at once madly in.

"This moment is one of the most interesting of the whole spectacle. The bull is seen coming forward in mad career; his tail writhing furiously, his head down, mouth foaming, nostrils wide open and fiery, and eyes glaring fiercely through the matted curls of his forehead; whilst the red riband, nailed with a barbed iron to his neck, flutters wildly back, and serves at once as a torture and device. Having reached the centre of the arena, he discovers that his hope of escape was illusory; he pauses, glares with wonder upon the multitude drawn up in a continuous ring around him, and who greet his arrival with shouts, whistlings, and the waving of garments. But though astonished, he is not terrified. He glances his bewildered eye about the arena, in search of some enemy upon whom to wreak his fury."

"No sooner did the bull in question discover the chulos fluttering their gay cloaks, and inviting him to victory by showing a disposition to fly before him, than he made after the nearest at the top of his speed. The chulo, thus warmly pursued, waved his crimson cloak to the right and left, to retard the progress of the beast by rendering it unsteady; and having with difficulty reached the barrier without being overtaken, he leaped over it into the lobby. The escape of the chulo was by no means premature; the bull reached the barrier at the same instant, and as the legs of the fugitive were vaulting over, his horns caught the fluttering silk, and nailed it to the boards.

"Excited by victory, the bull now makes for the picador. Here is another situation which would furnish a fine study for the pencil. The picador is seen drawn up at a short distance from the barrier, with his lance grasped tightly in his right hand and under the arm, and presenting the right shoulder of his horse to the attack of the bull. Before aiming his blow, the bull usually pauses a moment to eye his antagonist. Then, if he be cowardly, he paws the ground, bellows, and bullies, going backwards all the while, as if to gain space for his career; but in reality to place a greater distance between himself and his adversary. Such, however, was neither the character nor conduct of the bull in question: indeed, no sooner had he cleared his horns of the cloak of the chulo, than he rushed towards the first picador. The shouts of the multitude now gave place to silent glances of anxiety; for the bull, having aimed his blow, dropped his head to cover it with his horns, and, shutting his eyes, darted upon his enemy. This first effort, however, was unsuccessfully made, or at least it was defeated by the address of the picador. The bull was met by the lance just as he rose on his hind legs to make his last bound, and was turned dexterously aside. Without checking his career, he darted at once upon the second picador, drawn up behind his

comrade. This second attack was more successful. The lance of the picador was driven in by force, and the horns of the infuriated animal entered deep into the side of his victim. The wounded horse now turned to escape in the direction opposite to that whence this unseen attack had come; but he was instantly overtaken by the bull, who, driving his horns into the flank, and tossing his head, completely overturned both horse and rider. But the fury of the animal was not yet satisfied. He darted upon his fallen adversary, and most unluckily came upon that side where lay the entangled picador, trampled him under foot, and drove his horns deep into the saddle. The anxiety of the multitude was now at its height, and horror was painted on every countenance. The men rose from their benches; some of the women uttered prayers and crossed themselves, whilst such as had infants clasped them tighter. At this moment the chulos came up with their cloaks, and drew the bull to another quarter of the lists. It was for a moment uncertain whether the fallen man were dead or living; but being at length raised from the dust, it appeared that he had sustained no serious injury. The horse, being the more prominent object of the two, had attracted the chief attention of the bull; but a deep rent in the jacket of the picador showed how narrow had been his escape.

"Whilst this was doing, the first horseman, who had turned the bull, rode round the lists to take his place in the rear of his comrade. His second effort to turn the bull was less successful than before; probably through the fault of the horse, which, being imperfectly blinded, saw the approach of his antagonist, and retreated sideways before him. The lance of his rider was forced in, and the bull, darting his horns into the side of the horse, held him securely to the barrier. The picador now abandoning his lance, caught the top of the barrier, and being assisted by people from without, was drawn over into the lobby. The chulos again diverted the attention of the bull. He released the horse, and the wounded beast, no longer supported by the murderous horns which had rendered support necessary, staggered sideways towards the centre of the lists. At each step the blood gushed in a torrent from behind his shoulder, until he fell motionless to the earth. The saddle and bridle were at once stripped from the carcass of the horse, and carried away to deck out another for the same doom.

"Meantime the second picador raised his horse from the ground, reached the saddle with the assistance of a chulo, and commenced spurring the mangled beast around the arena. I felt more for this poor horse than I had for his hireling rider when trampled beneath the feet of the bull. He was a beautifully formed animal, once doubtless the pride of the Prado, and fit to have borne a Zegri beneath the balcony of his mistress. He even yet showed a shadow of his former grace, and something of his former ardour; for though his bowels were gushing from his side, and were at each instant torn and entangled by the spur of the picador, he still struggled to obey. In this sad condition the poor horse made several times the circuit of the lists, his bowels getting nearer and nearer to the ground until they actually reached it, were drawn awhile over the dirt, and were at length trampled upon and torn asunder by his own hoofs. Even yet he continued to advance, and would perhaps have stood another attack, had not the audience, barbarous as it was, interceded in his favour. He was led staggering away, and, as the gates closed upon him, we even lacked the poor satisfaction of knowing that his sufferings were at an end.

"The lists were now cleared, and the bull, wandering about unopposed, came at length to the spot wet with the blood of his comrade. When he had rooted the ground a while, he turned his nose high into the air, snuffed the passing breeze, and then, having sought in vain to discover the passage by which he had entered, made a desperate effort to leap the barrier. He was very nearly successful; his body for an instant balanced in uncertainty on the top, and in the next fell back into the arena. The new hope thus speedily defeated, he bellowed in a low indistinct tone, and being excited by the taunting shouts which greeted his failure, he fell to wreaking his fury upon the dead body of his first victim,

* "Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow."
Childs Harold.

"By this time the picadores were again mounted and in the lists. The first horse was forced round and overtaken in his flight as before, and, being gored behind, fell back upon his rider. The chulos with their cloaks most opportunely diverted the attention of the bull, and the grooms hastened to raise the wounded horse, and drag him out of the lists. The thigh-bone of the poor animal had been either broken or dislocated; the leg being useless and dangling behind, he was forced away upon the three which remained to him. The fate of the next horse was sooner decided, and was even more shocking. He received a single gore in the belly; the whole of his bowels at once gushed out, and with an agonized moan he commenced scratching them convulsively with his hoof until they were completely entangled. The trumpets gave a signal for a change in the bloody drama. Hitherto the bull alone had been the assailant; he was now in his turn to be the sufferer and the assailed. Some of the chulos having laid aside their cloaks, proceeded to arm themselves with *banderillas*—light darts, which have a barbed point, and are adorned with fluttering papers of variegated colours. The chief art in placing the *banderilla* is to make the bull attack. If he do not, this operation, like the final office of the matador, is full of danger; for a capricious motion of the horns by a cowardly bull is infinitely more to be dreaded than the straight-forward career of a *claro*.* The brave bull in question was of this last description. With a dart, therefore, in each hand, one of the chulos, now become *banderillero*, placed himself before the bull, and invited him to attack by brandishing his weapons. When at last the bull rushed with closed eyes at his antagonist, the *banderillero* likewise ran to meet him, and, directing the darts at each side of his neck, allowed the horns of the animal to pass under his right arm, whilst he ran away to gain the security of the lobby, or to get a new supply of *banderillas*. With the repetition of this torture, the bull became madder than ever, rubbed his neck against the boards of the barrier in the vain hope of alleviation—a hope which was set at nought by his own ill-directed exertions, or by the malice of those in the lobby, who would reach over and force the darts deeper, until at last the persecuted beast bounded foaming and frantic about the arena.

"The bravery of the bull, though fatal to the life of more than one victim, can never avail to save his own. Nor can the torments he has suffered be urged in alleviation of his destiny. The laws of the Plaza are inexorable. The corregidor is seen to wave his handkerchief, and the trumpets blow a warlike blast for the matador.

"The man who now entered the lists at the sound of the trumpet, was no other than the principal matador of Spain—Manuel Romero by name, if my memory serve me. He was a short man, extremely well made, though inclining to corpulency, with small, regular features, a keen sure eye, and such an air of cold-blooded ferocity as became one whose business it was to incur danger and to deal death. The dress of Romero was that of a *majo*, covered with more than the usual quantity of lace and embroidery: his hair combed backwards, and platted into a flat queue, was surmounted by a black cocked-hat. In his left hand he held a sword, hidden in the folds of a banner which was fastened to a short staff. The colour of this banner was red, deepened here and there by the bloody stains of former combats.

"Romero did not enter with the air of one who knew his own force, and despised his adversary, nor as though he had to hide a faint heart under a careless brow; but with a fearless, determined, yet quiet step. Having approached the box of the corregidor, he took off his hat, and made a low obeisance; then returned the salutations which greeted him from the whole circuit of the amphitheatre. This done, he threw his hat away, brushed back

a few hairs which had escaped from the platting of his queue, stretched his limbs to ease the elastic tightness of his costume, and then, taking his well-tried blade from beside the banner, displayed a long straight *toledano*, such as was once worn by cavaliers and crusaders.

"Meantime the chulos were occupied in running before the bull, and waving their cloaks in his eyes, in order to excite his declining ferocity. In this way the bull was enticed towards the spot where the matador awaited him. The latter, holding out the banner, allowed the animal to rush against it, seemingly astonished at its little opposition. This was twice repeated; but on the third time the matador held the banner projecting across his body, whilst with his right hand extended over the top he poised and directed the sword. Here is the last and most interesting moment of the whole contest. The multitude once more rise upon the benches. All eyes are bent upon the glittering weapon. The bull makes his final career; the banner again gives way before him; his horns pass closely beneath the extended arm of the matador, but the sword which he held a moment before is no longer seen—it has entered full length beside the shoulder of the bull, and the cross at the hilt is alone conspicuous.

"Having received his death-blow, it is usual for the bull to fly bellowing to the extremity of the arena, and there fall and die. But the animal which had this day sustained the contest so nobly, was courageous to the last. He continued to rush again and again with blind fury at the matador, who each time received the blow on his deceptive buckler, laughed scornfully at the impotent rage of his victim, and talked to him jestingly. The admiration of the audience was now complete, and cries, whistling, and the cloud of dust which rose from the trampled benches, mingled with the clang of trumpets, to proclaim the triumph of the matador!

"A few more impotent attacks of the bull, and his strength began to pass away with the blood, which flowed fast from his wound, spread itself over his shoulder, and ran down his leg to sprinkle the dust of the arena. At length he can no longer advance; the motion of his head becomes tremulous and unsteady; he bows to his fate, pauses a moment upon his knees, and then with a low moan settles upon the ground. At this moment a vulgar murderer came from behind the barrier, where he had hitherto remained in security. He caught the animal by the left horn; then aiming a certain blow with a short wide dagger, he drove it deep into the spine. A convulsive shudder for a moment thrilled over the whole frame of the victim—in another he had passed the agony.*

"At this moment the gates on the right were thrown open, and three mules rushed in, harnessed abreast, and covered with bells, flags, and feathers. Their driver hastened to fasten a strap round the horns of the dead bull, and dragged him to where lay the carcasses of the two horses. Having tied a rope about their necks, he lashed his team into a gallop, and the impatient beasts stirred up a cloud of dust, and left a wide track to mark the course which had been passed over by the conqueror and the conquered."

CURIOSITY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The following account of a new curiosity in natural history, which, "*if true*," cannot but prove highly interesting to naturalists, we copy from an American paper of January last.

A specimen of a natural production was shown us a few evenings since, that is neither fish nor flesh, beast nor fowl, animal, vegetable, nor mineral! It was procured in

- * "Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay—
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray;
And now the matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand;
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyuge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!"
Childe Harold.

* "A single instance may show the danger of attacking one of these treacherous bulls. El Sombrero—thus surnamed from having been once a maker of hats—was for some years the most noted matador in Spain. He was once dealing with a bull of this description, when the animal by an irregular career passed by his sword, caught him upon his horns, and transfixing him, bore him bleeding round the arena."